Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that arm'de the Queene of Troy
With oportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the ſonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius, See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to theyr ſoules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no enuie ſwels,
Here grow no damned grudgges, here are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and eternall ſleepe,
In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*.
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
whoſe fortunes *Romes* beſt Cittizens applauld.

Titus. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus louingly reſerude

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſſull wars,
You that ſuruiue, and you that ſleepe in fame:
Faire Lords your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aſpirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours ſonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headles Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Then his, that ſhakes for age and feeblenes:
What ſhould I d'on this robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſines for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant ſonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and ſeruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controule the world,